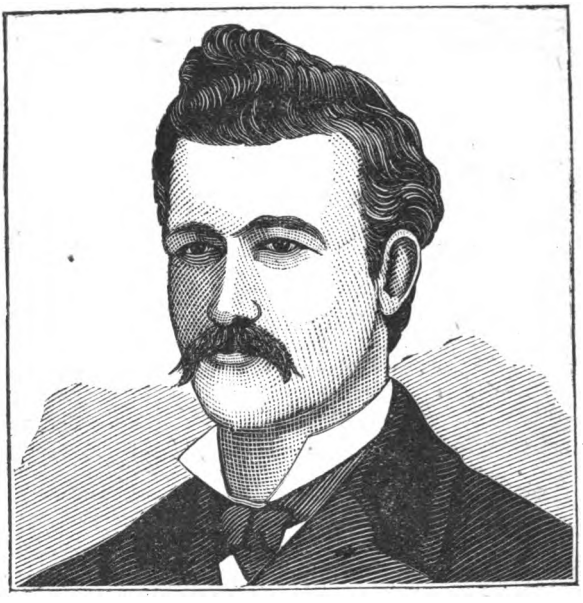
SPEECHES

OF



DENNIS KEARNEY,

LABOR CHAMPION.

NEW YORK
JESSE HANEY
1878.

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KEARNEY AT FANEUIL HALL.

A SINGULAR SCENE AND A SINGULAR SPEECH FOR STAID OLD BOSTON.

THE CALIFORNIAN TELLING THE STORY OF THE WORKINGMAN'S SUCCESS ON THE PACIFIC COAST—CHEERS FOR BUTLER AND GROANS FOR BEECHER—THE SPEAKER EXCITEDLY SHEDS HIS COAT.

THE Kearney reception in Faneuil Hall on the night of August 5 was, in point of numbers at least, very successful. Long before the hour of seven o'clock had arrived the galleries were crowded with men and a fair sprinkling of women. The body of the house was packed, chiefly with laboring men, although here and there was recognized the face of a well-known business man. The vast audience waited patiently for the arrival of the famous orator.

At 7:35 P. M. Mr. E. M. Chamberlain, a well-known leader of the Boston workingmen, made his appearance, and was greeted with generous applause. After him stepped a man of about medium stature, with a decidedly Hibernian caste of countenance, his hair standing erect over a forehead not noticeable for breadth. The face, however, gave the impression of determined force of character and power to carry a point despite opposition. He was clad in a suit of blue yacht cloth, and had a large necktie of white and black silk tied in a sailor's knot. The man was the leader of the Workingmen's party of the Pacific slope. The instant he ascended the platform the vast audience gave vent to an outburst of applause, accompanied by cries of "Kearney!" "Kearney!" "Here he is!" and "That's him!"

Mr. Kearney and the friends who accompanied him took seats, and after a few minutes had elapsed the audience became impatient and there were calls of "Time," "time." Mr. Chamberlain explained that a number of

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the members of the reception committee had been detained at their daily labor all day, and were not able to get there sooner. The audience maintained the best of order for a few minutes longer, and at 7:50 o'clock Mr. B. P. Brophy, of the National Greenback party, called the meeting to order, announcing that Mr. Chamberlain would act as President.

Mr. Chamberlain delivered a brief address, in which he referred to the great work which Dennis Kearney had accomplished in California, and said that it only needed thorough organization and harmony to achieve like results in Massachusetts. The telling points in Mr. Chamberlain's speech, which were not a few, were received with the greatest enthusiasm. As he referred to the fact that the gubernatorial chair was within the reach of the workingmen, the name of General Butler was taken up and passed from lip to lip through the hall until cheers were proposed for him, and three rousing ones were given that made the walls of the old cradle re echo. Then there were shouts of "Butler!" "Butler!" When Mr. Chamberlain mentioned the word fraud, and referred to the corruption which has tainted high office and polluted political leaders, the audience with one great shout responded, and gave utterance to their disapprobation of the crime which is remembered with shame by every honest workingman.

Mr. Chamberlain introduced Dennis Kearney, and when he stepped upon the platform it was the signal for such a display of enthusiasm as has rarely been witnessed, even in Faneuil Hall.

Mr. Kearney spoke with freedom and a ready use of language, emphasizing his words with force, sending the shots home with effect. His voice, clear and distinct, could have been heard in any part of a much larger hall. He spoke deliberately and slowly. He walked the stage from end to end as though pacing a vessel, and when he desired to give unusual force to a word or sentence he stopped about midway, and, elevating his right hand, would hurl it with force toward the audience, as though he were throwing a stone. After he had spoken a few sentences he complained of the heat. A reference to the workingmen not being able to pay a Beecher to knock the bottom out of hell drew groans and hoots for the Plymouth pastor.

Kearney then threw off his coat and unbuttoned his shirt collar amid the applause of the audience and proceeded. The denunciation and vehement utterances seemed to take the Boston laborers by surprise, and the oaths which occasionally emphasized his sentences rarely received approval.

When he paid a glowing tribute to the workingmen's favorite for Governor it was the signal for another spontaneous outburst of applause and cries of "Butler." After Mr. Kearney had spoken for twenty or thirty minutes he failed to sustain the enthusiasm that characterized his first appearance, and it was evident that the orator realized he was not on the sand lots of San Francisco, and did not feel the liberty of thought and action to which he was accustomed when hurling epithets at the bondholder, and the moon-eyed, leprous Chinese. It is doubtful from the manner in which Kearney's address was received whether he will be successful as an agitator among the workingmen of the Old Bay State. They laughed at his sharp sayings and occasional dashes of wit, applauded his hits at the Associated Press and the capitalists, whom he called thieving land pirates, but showed no signs of being convinced, especially the more intelligent portion, who would have appreciated more an address from their favorite and accepted leader, General Butler. At the closing paragraph, which was remarkable for brilliant and studied rhetoric, and had evidently been prepared and memorized with great care, the audience cheered loudly.

Mr. Chamberlain then introduced Mr. Charles McLean, Chairman of the State Central Committee of the National Greenback party, who welcomed

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Mr. Kearney to Boston. Mr. McLean was well received and loudly applauded.

Mr. Clark, a genteel, well-dressed gentleman, with eye-glasses, representing the workingmen of Lynn, in a neat address welcomed Kearney to the State.

Mr. P. J. Maguire, a well known labor orator from New Haven, welcomed him to New England. Mr. Maguire made a fiery and impassioned speech, which was thoroughly appreciated by the audience, many of whom had heard him on a former occasion. The square around Faneuil Hall was densely packed with people, the crowd being variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand, who were entertained by speakers during the exercises in the hall. As soon as Kearney had finished his speech inside he addressed throngs that could not be encompassed within the walls of the historic cradle, and with his powerful voice made his words heard to their outside limits. He appeared to much better advantage and was perfectly at home in the open air. The full report of Mr. Kearney's speech is as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW WORKINGMEN AND WOMEN OF BOSTON: In behalf of the workingmen of the Pacific coast I thank you for this grand, enthusiastic reception. In order to be responsive to the popular will, the expression that went up from this meeting to-night when a certain man's name (a voice, "Butler's") was mentioned, I did feel like bringing a message of greeting and love to the man who is lesser than Macbeth, yet greater too—the gallant, the gifted, the glorious. We hope that he will receive the reward from the workingmen of Massachusetts he so justly merits for his bold and outspoken action on behalf of downtrodden humanity. It is getting hot, Mr. Chairman. (Mr. Kearney here took off his coat and proceeded with his address in his shirt-sleeves.) I am sorry to find that we are not rich enough to be able to hire a Beecher to knock the bottom out of hell. But about this outpouring of the people. What means this human tidal wave? What is the matter with the country that the workingmen are rising from the North to the South and from the East to the West? To do what? To take charge of their own affairs. And here, upon the altar of Liberty, Mr. President, here where the sun of the heaven first dawned upon the infant brow of liberty; here where there are free men and free women, I am reminded of the days when this fair, happy land was inhabited by men and women, when industrious wives were not oppressed by the railroad robber or lecherous scoundrel. (Applause.) Here, in the second century of the independence of America, we find a natural and popular uprising of the people.

This vast uprising of the people. What does it mean? I ask you. Does it not mean death to the lecherous, thieving bondholder? Does it not mean death to the railroad robber? and does it not mean political oblivion to the rancorous, vilainous political bummer? I am sorry I see this meeting organized to-night in the manner it was organized. It is the first time I have addressed a meeting since the movement commenced organized in such a manner. Out in the far west—for there, you know, they call us barbarous—we call upon the people assembled to select their chairman. We call upon the people assembled to elect all other officers to govern that meeting for that night, thereby depriving the oily tongued orator, thereby depriving the man whose touch is cold and clammy, thereby depriving the Shylockian vagabond who spends nights, and days and weeks, with wet clothes around his head, studying a speech with which to psychologize his hearers, from presiding. Then on the morrow what do we find this shiny serpent (laughter) doing? We find him scheming and planning how to rob the man he addressed the previous evening. (Applause.)

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My fellow countrymen: As the humble representative of the humble classes, the poor working classes, I appear before you to night with no flowery phrases with which to garnish my speech, no classical language with which to fool my hearers. (Clapping and applause.) The English language, I believe, contains in the neighborhood of sixty thousand words. I am in possession of a few hundred of those words, and I use them. This is a free country and the people clamor for the liberty of speech. I use my clamor for the liberty of speech. I use my humble, plain, unvarnished words to extol virtue and condemn robbery. (Loud applause.)

First and foremost I will pay my respects to the newspapers. (Clapping. Mr. Kearney here called for order, there being much excitement, and then proceeded.) If you will keep perfectly quiet you can hear me as plain as you want to. The newspapers, from the earliest history of printing, have been run in the interest—take it down, reporters—of cut-throats, political bilks (applause), daylight thieves and midnight assassins.

A newspaper is an enterprise like all other business enterprises. For the reporters of the press I have great respect. (Applause and laughter.) The reporters of the newspapers are workingmen, like ourselves—working for bread and butter. (A voice, "that's so.") But for the villainous serpents, the shiny imps of hell that own these newspapers I have the utmost contempt. As I stated, the newspapers are enterprising. These men start a newspaper and they want to make money. The first thief that comes along with his purse of gold stolen from the masses, offers it to the newspaper proprietor and buys the columns of the paper. He uses that newspaper for his own bad practices, and the newspaper men that sell their columns to such men deserve the condemnation of all honest men. (Applause.) I have known some of the dirtiest, drunkenest men that God Almighty ever put breath into write articles for the newspapers condemning this honest uprising of the people. (Applause.) I hope the newspapers will put that down. (Laughter.)

I received this afternoon a copy of the San Francisco Chronicle, containing a dispatch from New York, or Boston—it is all the same—and, to show you, to enlighten the minds of the masses upon the manner in which news is transmitted from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I will just give you an extract as it is transmitted to the San Francisco Chronicle through the Associated Press—a villainous, thieving, infamous band of scalawags that are aiming to control public opinion.

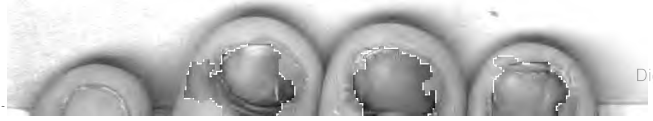
If the workingmen of the United States of America possess within their breasts a single spark from which the flame of freedom could be fanned they would not permit such monsters to live in their midst. They would control these telegraphs. They would hurl these infernal lying scalawags from power and select honest men to transmit the plain unvarnished news from one part of the Union to the other. [Applause.]

Excuse me, I did not intend to ridicule the Associated Press to-night, but after receiving this paper, a bold outspoken paper of San Francisco, I want to read this extract.

It says, I don't care, of course, how I look. That is my business, and nobody elses. (A voice, "That's so.") I pay for my clothes. It is a free country. I can wear what I please. (A voice, "Good.")

As to ungrammatical sentences and ungrammatical speeches, for two dollars and a half in greenbacks I can always hire a man to write a grammatical speech. (Applause.) But it takes millions of dollars to buy an honest man be he ever so ungrammatical. (Applause.)

And while on that strain let me state that the country is to be run to perdition by a band of classical thieves and legal pirates. What the working-



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men—and eight-tenths of the community are workingmen—want for their guide is common honesty and common sense.

I will guarantee that they are better guides than classical attainments or legal learning. I refer you to the past history of this country to corroborate that statement.

This "Chronicle" says "He looks like the average Irish workingman." That is good. [Applause.] I will state as to that I am an American citizen. I have lived in this country and sailed under the starry banner for my life (applause); and furthermore, I came to this country with a suit of clothes upon my back and a head full of brains to help to develop the country. (Cheers and immense applause.) I quote again:

"In Boston he had been received by a delegation of loafers. (Laughter.) He has made his first speech, and is to-night in the bosom of his family, etc. In the train which brought him here he rode not with despised aristocrats—that is the only train in the dispatch—but in a democratic smoking car, entertaining a dingy clay pipe."

That is a lie. I never smoked tobacco or drank whisky in my life. (Loud applause.) The newspapers of the city of Boston treated me better than that. Even the "Journal" of the blue bloods (laughter) had fair reports. I mention these facts to show and impress upon your minds the necessity of ignoring all newspaper reports, and principally reports sent by the Associated Press—a band of pirates.

It will be well for you to know some of the issues that deceive the Democratic thief and Republican robber out of sight in California. The workingmen of California are becoming overpressed. The capitalistic thief and land pirate of California, instead of employing the poor white man of that beautiful and golden State, send across to Asia, the oldest despotism on earth, and there contracting with a band of leprous Chinese pirates, brought them to California, and now uses them as a knife to cut the throats of honest laboring men in that State. A Chinaman will live on rice and rats. (Laughter.) They will sleep one hundred in a room that one white man wants for his wife and family. Some years ago the workingmen came into line, and every man for the past fifteen years that was elected upon the workingmen's platform, or rather the political platform, was chosen upon an anti-Chinese plank. They used to lift themselves into office, and after obtaining power they looked upon the sovereign people with contempt. Instead of playing the servants to the people they they played masters, and upon every occasion took pleasure in selling out to workingmen. All right. Every road has a turning.

At last the workingmen concluded to organize themselves into a political party. California, I suppose, like Massachusetts, is full of Utopian theorists—men who are always wandering among the stars. They are talking about the sun and the moon being veiled in the clouds. That is nothing to do with a workingman's stomach. (Applause.) We had considerable trouble at the outset to keep such men down. We called upon the honest men of California to pool their issues, to put all the issues into one pot together, cover it up, and then we worked together to capture the State of California. Whenever a political bummer hopped up in our midst like a bull in a field of clover we cut him off. (Applause.) We were vigilant, active, energetic. We allowed no persons to address our meetings but honest, hard-fisted men. We elected none to the Constitutional Convention but poor, obscure artisans, men from cooper and tailor shops and carpenters' benches; elected them over the heads of Senators, ex-Governors, millionaires and bank smashers. (Prolonged applause.) The capitalists tried to enter a wedge of disunion in our ranks, and they also put a work-

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ingman's ticket into the field which polled twenty-four votes. I mention this to show how vigilant the workingmen were in California.

We had to fight hard for freedom of speech in California. The men who were elected by the citizens to represent them, instead of aiding their servants in organizing for self-protection, commenced a long siege of persecution. They commenced on me, arrested me (laughter) until it became so common that every morning after eating my breakfast I went down to the Chief's office to get my regular warrant. (Laughter.) For ten consecutive days I received a warrant each day, and on the tenth day there were fifteen warrants served upon me. The officer had one thousand more ready to serve as soon as I furnished bail. I said, "Gentlemen, you can go plum to hell. (Laughter and cheers.) If this is the flag that I have been taught to worship, excuse me, I thought I saw Washington putting his hand to his nose. (Referring to Washington's picture.)

This is a free country. I want to know something about a despotic country, and I told the workingmen to remain quiet—to keep on with their organization—that I was able to take care of myself; that I would give them as much hell inside the courts as I would outside of them. (Applause.) To cut a long story short, I can say what I please in California to-day, despite the hell-born vagabonds that invest it.

I read a despatch in a California newspaper that upon my arrival in Boston I was to be arrested by the Governor; that he had made all the necessary preparations, and was going to use his Gatling guns. I am willing to take advantage of my privilege as an American citizen. I am going to say just what I please on this rostrum, this Cradle of Liberty, this glorious hall where free men and free women have advocated measures before now, where the cry rose from the mouths of men who were not afraid to utter their sentiments, where women advocated the throwing of the tea overboard (great applause), where grand old heroes delivered speeches that fired the hearts of American freemen to a proper and just sense of their duty, and to-night I hope you will profit by my simple and humble advice, and that advice to you is this: Pool all issues; put all your issues into one pot, and on next November you will be able to announce to the world a victory for the honest workingmen of Massachusetts. (Applause.) But if you allow these Utopian theorists to appear in your midst, and discuss questions and wrangle among themselves, I can assure you that you will continue to keep degraded.

Capital is always on the alert. It has vicious tools always ready to try to create dissension, and if you men keep a good lookout for these infamous scallawags, if you suppress them when they make their appearance in your midst and try to make a dissension, you will be victorious. But, on the other hand, mark you, you will never come together and think as one man. The Greenbacker has his issue, another man has his issue, and so on. Tell them to drop these issues and come together for bread and butter. (Applause.)

If your opponents ask you what you are going to do, tell them you are going to capture the State of Massachusetts by the ballot. Tell them you are going to capture it to enable you to ameliorate the condition of the working masses. Tell them you are tired of electing wolves to take care of the sheep. (Laughter).

Look at your last Congress, all lawyers and bankers. What do these men know about the wants of the workingman? Simply nothing. Then, friends, in the name of God Almighty, I implore of you on this occasion to pool your issues and capture the State of Massachusetts. (Applause.) Are you going to do it? (A voice, "Yes.) Then all in favor of pooling their

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issues will please signify it by holding up their hands. (To all appearances every hand was raised.) All opposed. (There were no hands.) It is carried unanimously. (Vociferous applause.)

I hope no one will be foolish enough to say to-morrow that this is not a unanimous vote. That settles that question. I am glad to see the workingmen of Massachusetts so united. You will drive the Democrats and Republicans together if you keep united. The idea of men in California, a Democrat, for instance, calling a Republican a robber, and a Republican calling a Democrat a thief. When I see these two men join hands and marrying I believe them both. (Laughter.)

I know the workingmen of Massachusetts will succeed. I walk the earth at midday and I find the vast expanse of the blue heavens unrelieved with the sparkle of a single star, and yet I know that Mars still holds its course. that Venus still whirls through space, that Jupiter and Uranus are flashing in the fields of light, that the blazing belt of Orion and the bright and guiding gleam of the North Star are all there; and when the centripetal force of nature wheels us into the presence of night we behold our companion worlds traveling in shining splendor on their eternal rounds. And thus it is with a movement of this kind. We know that the workingmen are there. We know they are as true as the stars in their views, and will, when called upon, exhibit themselves in beauty. (Prolonged applause.) Workingmen and women, I thank you a thousand times.

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DENNIS KEARNEY IN BOSTON.

GIVING A SAMPLE OF A SAND LOT MEETING IN THE HISTORIC COMMON.

PREDICTING THAT HIS PARTY WILL WIN "THOUGH THE LURID FLAMES OF FIRE SHALL LICK THE MIDNIGHT SKY," AND "THOUGH HELL ITSELF SHALL BOIL OVER"— CHEERS FOR GEN. BUTLER.

THE announcement, though not made until that afternoon, that Dennis Kearney would give the Boston working-men a sample of a sand-lot meeting on Boston Common on the evening, of August 8, drew a crowd of 4,000 or 5,000 persons. Had it been earlier known there would undoubtedly have been thousands more.

The waiting crowd surrounded the Soldiers' monument, when Kearney, unnoticed and scarcley recognizable in the evening twilight, passed by and went to the band stand, a short distance off. Soon word was sent to the crowd that the great California workingman was awaiting them. Then a rush was made for the stand, which was quickly swarming with men. Darkness had by this time settled upon the scene, the trees throwing wierd shadows upon the struggling human beings.

Some torches were procured, which sufficed to show the speaker to the assembly, and he was hailed with tremendous applause. A light shower served to dampen the garments somewhat, but not the spirits of the multitude.

Kearney had barely room to speak, and at one stage, when he was about to deliver a strong rhetorical sentence, he said that he wished he had room enough to walk the s and. His speech was interrupted every few minutes by cheering, clapping, and expressions indicating the hearty approval of his hearers. It was a noticeable fact that many well-dressed and aristocratic-looking men were present, and if they happened to have been bank officials,

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railroad men, or capitalists, their ears must have tingled at the terms Kearney, with flashing eyes, emphatic voice, and swinging arms, hurled at them. The enthusiasm was so great that when Kearney had almost concluded to end his speech, he said that it was too good to stop, and he continued. Gen. Butler's name was mentioned in connection with the Gubernatorial chair, and received three cheers.

Kearney's deunciation of the Chinese was intense, and received hearty support. Kearney called upon the men to elect their Chairman and Secretary by viva voce vote, which was done, C. H. Fernold and A. Peter Sheehan being chosen. Kearney then said:

FELLOW WORKINGMEN OF BOSTON: By such proceedings, by organizing meetings in this manner, you deprive the slimy political hypocrite from taking any active part in your meetings, by selecting officers from your midst, thereby securing a plain, honest, and simple expression of an assembled multitude. [Applause.] The old cut-and-dried style of organizing political meetings smells to heaven. It stinks in the nostrils of honest men. It gives no chance to machine politicians to have a say when the majority of the audience is opposed to them.

I am glad to-night to see the workingmen of Massachusetts so eager and so energetic in commencing what is to be a series of popular meetings, a series that is going to seriously consider who is to be next Governor. Is it to be Ben. Butler? (Renewed cheering and cries of "Yes.") Workingmen of Massachusetts, are you going to elect the next Governor of Massachusetts? I myself intend to stump the State of Massachusetts (great applause and cries of "Good,") in defence of candidates put forth by the workingmen of Massachusetts. (Cheers.) The Democratic thief and Republican robber must be dropped. Shun these, gentlemen, as you would a snake, and no compromise. (Applause.)

In organizing the State of Massachusetts we are in hopes of forging the connecting link between the workingmen of the Atlantic and Pacific States. Our interests are identical upon national questions. Rise up in the authority of State power. I believe in joining every State in the Union. Organize separately. Let each State have its working party. The working party is going to be the National party of the future. (Applause.) That party must win, though the lurid flames of fire shall lick the midnight sky. It must win, though hell itself should boil over.

The workingmen have long enough submitted to the dictates of bank Presidents, bank smashers, railroad thieves, and political bummers. [Applause.] The workingmen have been dragged all over the country like cattle to the slaughterhouse. The workingmen—the glorious, gallant sons of toil—the men whose brawny arms and developed brains and force of intellect have built up and made a nation—are entitled at least to some respect in this great republic. [Applause.]

The whole vocabulary and epithets have been heaped upon us, and the holy cause in which we have risen by the thieving vampires that threaten the life-blood of the workingmen. [Applause.] The oppressors have arrayed themselves against downtrodden millions; but we will drive them out, and if the r hogs become possessed of the devil we will drive them into the sea.

They may talk of their militia and vigilance committees, but the days of hanging workingmen's leaders are gone by. [Applause.] Let them provoke the workingmen to hostility in their holy cause of liberty. I may be the first one to fall; but who will falter in this great battle for the restitution of human rights and liberties? Do you intend to pool your issues?

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[Cries of "Yes,"] and at the speaker's request it was unanimously voted so to do.

Kearney here took occasion to denounce the Boston "Herald" in very strong terms for its criticisms upon him, whereupon the crowd cheered, and some hisses were given.

"The thieving vampires of this country," he continued, "have hired Beecher to preach of no hell [laughter], and then, on succeeding in plundering the people, they want to banish hell. But I tell you that we are going—for fear that there may be no hell at the other side of the clouds—we propose to give them all the hell they want here." (Applause.)

Kearney explained that the report that he stole his tribute to Butler from words used by Tom Fitch was explainable from the fact that he never heard Fitch talk, and merely came into possession of that remark the same as hundreds of others—namely, by picking up his information. All he knew he had picked up, and he doubted if that was not the way with everybody.

"Boston is a religious city," he said. "They take exception at my so-called profanity. For the benefit of the pious people of Massachusetts, I propose to read chapter v. of the Book of James." Kearney read, commenting on the miseries of the rich man as therein detailed, emphasizing the following verses:

> Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.
> Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten.
> Your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

"There, you pious hypocrites and heavy-headed vampires," said Kearney, "do you hear that? I am going to cut your infernal throats with a paper knife—the ballot. We caution the friends of reform, the men who are to rejoice in the flush of glorious victory next November, to be calm and patient for victory will perch upon your banners. (Great applause.) I will not read any further from the book of God. (Laughter.) I have read enough to convince you. We proved to the civilized world that the laboring men of California were the only honorable, dignified, and respectable body of men in California.

We also want to prove that the workingmen of Massachusetts, as well as all the other States in the Union, are the only dignified body of men in the Union. Let all your meetings be dignified, all your actions gentlemanly on all occasions, and my word for it, you will corral the old Democratic thieves and Republican robbers.

Get and squeeze them tight and keep them down for all time to come, if, as has been said, an honest man's son must become a convict to obtain his bread, and a poor man's daughter to obtain a crust must become the victim of a rich man's lust.

> Oh poverty, let angels shut their eyes,
> Come conflagration, light the outraged skies,
> Let red Nemesis take the hellish clan;
> And chaos aid the slavery of man. (Applause.)

"I don't intend to introduce a long rigmarole of figures and statistics. We have had enough of that. What have they done for us?" (Voices—Nothing.) "Has the condition of the workingmen been growing worse day by day?" (Cries of "Yes.") "Before leaving California I read of a dinner that was given by a railroad robber that cost $500, while I knew hundreds of poor men, better men begging for bread. These are the

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figures that you want to know about, and all that I shall use hereafter. There are many points of interests to a stranger in Boston, but what interests me is the hundreds of citizens who are starving. (Great applause.) The starry flag should wave over unoppressed workingmen here. (Cheers.)

"I can assure you that through the paper knife. the ballot, victory will perch upon your banners. The news will be heralded from one point of the Union to the other that Massachusetts won the second glorious victory of this kind in the United States. (Applause.)

"We don't meet here as Irish, English, Scotch, nor Dutch, nor are we Catholics, Protestants, Atheists, or Infidels. Let there be no sect. But we meet as honest workingmen, and let your issues be pooled. (Cries of 'Good.') Let these infernal pirates put that in their pipes and smoke it. (Laughter.) Let them take timely warning.

"The air is filled with the mutterings of the thunder that precedes the coming storm. Even the leaves in the forest are whispering to each other about the desolation which is to take place. We caution these lecherous whelps to beware. We are making all necessary preparations, and, oh, God! how sweet revenge is when it comes. (Applause.) will you adopt my battle cry? (Cries, 'We will.') It is in California. 'By the heavens above and the stars that are in it; by the moon, that pale empress of the night; by the sun that shines by day; by the earth and all its inhabitants, and by hell beneath us, the Chinese must go. (Prolonged applause.)

"The question is, are the Chinese to occupy this country? [Cries of 'No,' and a vote taken resulted in an almost unanimous response in the negative.] The Chinese Government has sent an Embassy to this country to establish Consulates in California. We can take care of the Chinaman. It is designed to distribute Chinese throughout the United States. They have a population of 450,000,000 in China, and I can smell them afar off. I said there was one within 100 rods of me when I landed in Boston, and I ran against one within 50 rods. [Laughter.] Let me caution workingmen not to employ Chinese laundry men. They are filthy; they spit on clothes, and if they have any disease it is transmitted to men and women through such washed clothing when the body perspires. Do you want leprosy here? [Cries of 'No.'] By not employing them you can drive them from the country.

"They call this a barbarous country, and us barbarians. If our forefathers 101 years ago voted to throw tea overboard, let us take and throw the teamakers overboard. [Laughter.] When Abraham Lincoln, that humanitarian, presided [cheers,] that finest specimen of a human being that ever graced the American soil [immense demonstration]—when he called upon the workingmen, now denounced by the shoddy aristocracy, when he said, 'Boys, the republic is in danger.' What did they say! Why, 'We are coming, Father Abraham, 100,000 strong.' How the workingmen were applauded.

"How are beggared workingmen received by the rich now? Let me give you my idea of Communism. If I am on a plank in mid ocean and a sea captain, with a load of lumber, refuses me a plank to save my life, I am justified in drowning him.

"In conclusion, fellow workingmen. Awake! Arise! Your work begins anew! We will teach these thieves and bondholders what workingmen can do. We will do it with our bullets if our ballots fail. We will drive these moon-eyed lepers back by steamship and by sail." [Prolonged applause.]

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KEARNEY'S DASH AT HEWITT.

WHAT HE SAID TO THE LYNN SHOEMAKERS IN THE CITY'S COMMON.

CALLING THE NEW YORK CONGRESSMAN ALL MANNER OF BAD NAMES—THEN PITCHING INTO THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ANOTHER FLOOD OF SAND-LOTS EPITHETS.

KEARNEY, of sand lot name and fame, visited Lynn, the city of soles on the night of August 12, to address the shoemakers and others of the laboring class. This was his second appearance as a public speaker in Lynn in the interest of labor, and great preparations had been made to have the meeting a successful one. On the occasion of his previous visit last Friday night, he was prevented from speaking in the Common by a terrific thunder shower, and only made a half-hour speech from the front of the Sagamore House. To make good his promise to address all who desired to hear him, he came to-night to speak on the Common, a tract large enough to accommodate all. The meeting was held at the band stand. The commitee had made very elaborate arrangements, which were successfully carried out. At 6½ the Lynn Cornet Band was stationed at Pleasant Hall, and rendered some very acceptable selections, while a procession composed of the shoemakers and workingmen of Lynn was forming. This procession contained about six hundred men, representing all trades.

After receiving the agitator and committee of arrangements at the Sagamore House, the column, headed by the Lynn Cornet Band and a platoon of policemen, moved up Market and Common streets to the Common, escorted by a large crowd. At the Common, although the meeting had been called for 7½, the crowd was very slow in gathering, and at 7 o'clock scarcely a hundred persons were present. The evening was a very beautiful one, and the sand lot hero's favorite, the old man in the moon, beamed

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down upon the multitude, lighting every avenue nearly as brightly as his competitor, Old Sol. The gathering was truly a gathering of workingmen, although on the outskirts of the crowd were a large number who had evidently come from mere curiosity to hear and see this new-fledged wonder of the Pacific slope. Kearney arrived upon the ground shortly after 8 o'clock, the band playing national airs and medleys as it marched on to the Common. As soon as the speaker and committee had taken their seats upon the platform, the crowd closed in upon the ropes surrounding it and for a time the crush was fearful. A fair estimate places the number at four or five thousand. After another pot pourri of national airs by the band, the chairman of the committee announced that, in accordance with Mr. Kearney's desire, Mr. A. C. Robinson would act as president of the meeting. That gentleman then came forward and spoke as follows:

"FELLOW WORKINGMEN OF LYNN: I am happy to appear before you to-night as Chairman of the Workingmen's Committee of Lynn. Happy because you are to extend your welcome to one of the hardy sons of California, who is here to discuss questions of vital importance to the workingmen of this State, for we must be posted in regard to the duties of the hour; we must be united in heart and purpose to break the laws of unjust legislation, which favor the few to the detriment of the many. We are called together under the broad canopy of heaven to discuss questions treasured in your memory—those principles which are dear to every man who walks in this beautiful State."

The speaker then urged his hearers to vote upon the side of justice, right and equity—to use especial care in their choice of Congressmen, and to drown those who have heretofore misrepresented the workingmen in the halls of Congress in oblivion. He then introduced Kearney. The sand lot orator was received with roars of deafening applause. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW WORKINGMEN AND WOMEN OF LYNN: Let me reiterate what I have said on previous occasions here in Massachusetts in behalf of the working men and working women of the Pacific States. I thank you in their behalf for the grand demonstration on this occasion. This is the first gun of the campaign—the first shell thrown into the camp of the enemy by the laboring men of Lynn. (Prolonged applause.) Before the middle of next November the opponents of labor will receive as many, if not more, black eyes than the friends of labor have ever received from their opponents in America. I don't make it a practice to reply to newspaper articles, but on this occasion I feel compelled to reply to an article in the "Herald" this morning. (Hisses.) The very name of "Herald" ought to meet with a demonstration of hisses. I now propose three groans for that slimy sheet. (The groans were given by the crowd.) If the editor were present this demonstration would freeze the marrow in his miserable bones. He stated that I was an Orangeman. If there is any man in society in the world that I hate it is the society of Orangemen. I don't believe in fighting a battle that occurred two hundred years ago. I tell you the workingmen of Lynn have all the battle they want to earn their daily bread in Lynn. (Cries of "Hear, hear," and applause.)

I have no quarrel with religion. This is a free country, and I may worship God as I choose. I was reared a Catholic. My mother pays for a Catholic pew in the Catholic church in Brighton. I married a Catholic girl, and I have reared my children by the Catholic faith. (Here the speaker quoted a verse of poetry to support his position.) So much for a

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foreigner. I noticed in the "Evening Globe" a despatch from New York in which a celebrated character named Hewitt vigorously attacked me at Delmonico's restaurant while drinking champagne. If the blatherskite politician and lecherous bondholder referred only to me I would not reply to that article. Were it not for the disgrace that it casts upon California I would not disgrace my character by noticing a man like Hewitt. A man to attack me must have a reputation as pure as the dawn to be successful. (Here Mr. Kearney played his usual card and pulled off his coat,) He (Hewitt) said that the California workingmen elected men who could neither read nor write. I had rather have men like that than a thousand men like Hewitt to revise a constitution. But it is a lie—an infernal lie. The men elected were intelligent, industrious mechanics. If you want to find anything about the character of those men you must not go into a whiskey saloon; you will have to go into the workshops. Those men meet for school twice a week—not to learn to read and write, but to learn to frame a constitution, to be prepared to meet the hellhound thieves elected by the hell bloodsuckers of labor next September. I tell you, workingmen and women too, must be up and doing. You must pool your issues. Rally around the workingmen of Massachusetts, and select men to represent you. See to it that they do their duty. Do that, and in a few years it will be all right.

If this agitation should flag, the men you would select would be moved to yield to temptation. If these meetings continue, you will so frighten your own candidates that they won't dare to go back on the platform they are elected upon. If a man in California goes back on his platform he graces the nearest lamp post. "Oh, poverty of earth! that men do deeds that give them evil names." Massachusetts will be all afire in a few months. The workingmen are practically afire now. The newspapers will please put that down. The hearts of Massachusetts will be all afire between now and next November. The workingmen are going to elect their soldiers to make the necessary preparations for entering the White House in 1880. (Cries of Butler.) Hear the name of Butler. All in favor of Butler for Governor, hands up. (Cheers.) The "Herald" reporter please to put fifteen hands up; also about 1,000 hoodlums present. There are no less than 10,000 people on the grounds to-night. I have spoken at meetings of from 30,000 down to 10,000 people, and I know how many there is in a crowd. The workingmen must not be held any longer by reporters who work in the interest of the Associated Press. It is owned and controlled by an infernal band of pirates. Shun as you would a snake newspapers that patronize such an infamous monopoly as the Associated Press. I see what the shoe manufacturers, the bosses of Chicago—it is a big thing to be a boss—are going to do. They are going to import 1,500 pig-tailed lepers into Chicago. I expect to see some pig-tailed lepers setting type in the "Herald" office before long. (Great laughter.) Why do you laugh? It is so. The "Herald" put in a bid for Chinese labor last Sunday. I say let those bosses bring those pig tailed lepers into Chicago if they dare. I tell you that not only the lepers will be driven out of her, but the men also who are instrumental in bringing them there.

Workingmen, be up and doing. Wake up from your lethargy, and see that the men you elect are working in your interest, and not in the interest of thieving monopolists, who always have their lickspittles prepared. They are always introducing intricate propositions. The workingmen don't want any such thing. They want common sense and common honesty. I repeat it, although Hewitt—I am ashamed to mention his name—always appeals to Conservatives, they are afraid of the workingmen. Were they afraid of workingmen when they faced the cannon's mouth? Didn't they welcome

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them and cheer them on their way when they went out to fight for the country, and saved it? If they cheered the workingmen then, why do they despise them now, when they strive to work this Government in the interests of the people? The bank smashers, petty larcenists, chartists, monarchists, and all the petty rascals in jail and out of jail will be organized to defeat the uprising of the people. The election this fall is going to be a warm one. I implore you, workingmen, to pool your issues and pay your poll tax. You may not be called upon to do it very often, but you must pay it now. Agitate for a constitutional convention. The sooner you do it, the sooner the bird of liberty will flap its wings. You can easily abolish this infamous poll tax. Agitate! agitate! agitate! until you call a constitutional convention, and then you will be prepared to meet the lecherous bondholder this fall. Your vote is just as good as his is. Will you do it? (Cries of "Yes," "Yes," and applause.) Then see that you do it—see that you poll such a vote for your candidate, Ben Butler, that your opponents will be so demoralized that they never will face you again. I expect to see the Democratic robber and Republican thief join hands in this fight. Hayes and Tilden are one and the same. They will join in the coming conflict to defeat the workingmen.

It reminds me of a story. A man was so unfortunate as to have four wives, and they all of them died and were buried in the graveyard. By and by the graveyard was to be removed, and the old fellow was called upon to move the bones of his dead wives. So he procured an express wagon and put the bones in each corner of the wagon, but the horse ran away and the bones got mixed, and some of them flew out. He was confused and he had to put them all in one grave, and after he had done it he raised a tombstone over the mound with this inscription, "Stranger, pause and drop a tear, the bones of Mary Ann lie buried here, and, in some unaccountable manner, the bones of Su-an Jane and probably Hannah." [Great laughter and applause.] This is the way we expect to see these old fossils and old frauds after next November. I expect to see all over the State just as large and just as enthusiastic meetings as is this here to-night. Every time a tear drops in such an assembly as this a leprous leech of a bondholder trembles. [Laughter and applause.] Keep on cheering and my word on it these pirates will dry up and blow away. I am not in the habit of taking notes. It does not require any notes to tell the workingmen that they are in a state of starvation. I appeal to the mothers. Take your husbands and acquaintances, tell them that in order to bring you bread, butter and fuel they must pool their issues. Let it be your morning and evening prayer. Tell them to tell their friends to pool their issues. You must come together in a solid phalanx. The one great purpose of capturing the State of Massachusetts next November is to be able to enter the White House in 1880. Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Organize for political purposes. [Cries of "Yes, yes."] We don't want you to say yes and then back out. We don't want you to be fooled by whiskey drinking spouters on the other side. Mechanics are better able to discuss any question than any man in the Forty-fifth Congress to-day, except Ben Butler.

I see visions of an empire. Grant is going to capture the republic and turn it into an empire, backed up by the monopolist bondholders and bank smashers of this country, who are going to set the laws at defiance. But the workingman will never submit to the dictates of any man. Not a man movement nor a ten men movement can put them down. This general uprising is a plain fight between honest men and thieves, and the sooner they understand it so the better. The sooner people are convinced the better. In conclusion, as I have spoken long enough, and it is heavy work speaking

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in the open air, I will conclude by thanking you for this reception. I want you to see the necessity of pooling your issues. Pool your issues! Let that be your issue. The monopolist and bondholder must go. I will not tire you by going into the Chinese cheap labor question. You have all read my speech at Marblehead last Saturday night, and saw the way that Mongolian lepers work in California. Let it be a warning to you. All we ask of you is to help us to rid that beautiful golden State of these lepers. Will you do it? [Cries of "Yes."] That is sufficient. We can do it ourselves. The State is in our hands. I know that next November Massachusetts will be captured by the workingmen. The handwriting is on the wall. The old frauds have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Our ship Republic came very near foundering by the monsoon of corruption, but now the workingmen are rallying round the pumps and are going to carry our ship into a safe harbor. Already there are signs of disintegration on the other side. The workingmen are burning their powder and will soon ride at the helm, and then all the political bummers, false swearers and leprous thieves will be chartering schooners to leave the country, and if they don't get away, I say may God have mercy on their souls. I will in the near future address the workingmen and women of Lynn again. In the words of Walter Scott,

I bid you all a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.

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KEARNEY IN CHICAGO.

DENNIS KEARNEY stood before a Chicago gathering to night, an assemblage made up in the main of laboring men, professed communists and general idlers, who have for some inexplicable reason been led to look upon this individual as the apostle of a new dispensation, the forerunner and herald of an original and peculiar crusade against combined capital. Not alone, however, did he address those who had seen fit to extend their sympathies to this illiterate and dull-brained reformer, for drawn by curiosity to see the man, rather than to hear his harangue, there was a fair representation of first citizens hanging on the fringes of that motley multitude which nearly filled the space in Market square, where the demonstration was held. Inasmuch as Kearney's advent here has been a very quiet one, little being said concerning it in the newspapers, no particular prominence was given the meeting of to-night in the way of advertising, and the meeting may be looked on as a success, at least so far as attendance goes. The trades unions of Chicago did nothing unitedly to add to the interest of the occasion, with the exception of a small body of Crispins who came staggering down the street when the speech was about half over, interrupting with a wheezy fife and noisy drum one of the great political economist's most impassioned bursts of profanity and ribald jocularity.

For some reasons the trades unions of Chicago have not entered into Mr. Kearney's missions here with that spontaneity of enthusiasm which was probably looked for, and for this reason the gathering to-night may be considered as simply a scraping together of the floating population, rather than the assembling of any particular class for the purpose of indorsing any particular issue. The square where the meeting was held is on Market street, near Madison. Two dry goods boxes were placed together, four flickering oil lamps were held over the heads of the persons crowded upon that small platform, while the fetid, unkempt, boisterous mobs, for at least about the stand it was little else than a mob, at times surged and swore, elbowed and wrangled, and made the night hideous with cat calls, profanity, and indecent exclamations.

When at last Kearney climbed upon the box which served as his platform, there was a round of applause and a multitude of enthusiastic ejaculations from the near spectators. The speaker wore his suit of rather seedy blue clothes, checked shirt, and a delirious hat—the attire of a street laborer or a 'longshoreman, which no doubt had the effect to hasten his fraternization with his hearers. When he proceeded on his oratorical journey he gradually began divesting himself of his garments until he finally appeared in shirt and pantaloons with his unwashed arms bared to the elbows. In this style he went through with his appeal to the

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workingmen of this city and the country at large to pool their issues and win their social and financial liberties.

The speech, as will readily be seen by reading it, is a conglomeration of vituperation, bravado, profanity, and ready use of compound adjectives of a low plane of intellectuality, broken, and fairly incoherent in argument.

It is but a rambling talk of a man who, while boasting he could not ten months ago make a speech, has not yet learned the first principles of a forcible and convincing harangue. Apologizing at its conclusion for its palpable incoherence, Kearney said the thread of his argument had been so often broken by interruptions that he had not been able to drive his opinions home as he had desired to do. There were, perhaps, six or eight thousand people present, but they dropped away from time to time during the talk, until at last, when the "wind-up" had been reached, there was but a small fragment of the original gathering left, and that the most noisome and noisy of the lot.

Kearney, although urged by repeated calls from the crowd to tell them about his friend, Ben Butler, spoke quite gingerly concerning the Massachusetts politician, and took occasion to remark that Butler was no friend of his. The Chinese question was the strong point of his speech, aside from his frantic petitioning to pool the issues, but just how the Chinamen were to be run out or the issues to be suceessfully pooled he left for some one better versed than he in political economy to tell. It was after eight o'clock when the Glee Club finished its musical overture, and the work of selecting a chairman and secretary of the meeting had been terminated. The crowd, tired of this routine business, began to yell frantically for Kearney, who finally scrambled upon the box, and after a plaintive petition for water and a vigorous mopping of his brow, launched into his speech, as follows:

FELLOW WORKINGMEN AND WOMEN OF CHICAGO:—I will have to wait until we get some water. (Cheers. A voice, "Take some beer.") I beg your indulgence on this occasion, as I am very hoarse, having spoken this afternoon to the Crispins, who are now striking—("Hurrah!")—for bread and butter. (Applause.) As soon as we get a little water I will be able to make myself heard—(a voice, "That is all right")—providing you men keep quiet. (A voice, "Sit down, there.") You must all, my friends, keep perfectly still. (A voice, "Sit down.") Let us prove to the authorities of Chicago that the workingmen are both manly and dignified, and that the workingmen can conduct themselves better than a Democratic or Republican meeting ever conducted itself. ("Hear, hear!" and cheers.)

I wish I only had my voice clear to-night. Now, workingmen, I bring you greeting—order, friends, order—I bring you greeting from California and also from Massaehusetts. The workingmen of both these States are united. [A voice, "Bully."] They propose to carry the next election —[A voice, "That is good"]—in Massachusetts. Now think of it. [A voice, "if we can only catch her."] What we want in Chicago is for the workingmen to combine. [A voice, "That is it. That is good."] The man that is looking through greenback spectacles, the man that is looking through socialistic spectacles, the man that is looking through trades unionism spectacles, we want these men to drop their spectacles and look at the workingmen's movement through clear spectacles. ["Bully," "Hear, hear," and cheers.] In other words, pool your issues, stop all this nonsense and combine in one solid phalanx to defeat the common enemy. Get some water. [A voice, "It has not come yet,"] I do not

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know as I can speak to-night worth a cent. [A voice, "Go ahead; we have got a bucket of water."] Will some good natured friend bring us a little water? [A voice, "The water is coming."] Order, friends; I cannot speak if you don't keep quiet. [A voice, "Where is that schooner drinker down there?"] In the first place I propose to pay my respects to the thieving, dirty, contemptible lickspittles that run newspapers in Chicago. [Cheers, laughter and a voice, "Give it to them heavy."] They take exception to my denouncing newspapers. I never denounced a newspaper in my life, but I have and will continue to denounce slimy sheets, dirty— [Here considerable confusion and uproar occurred in the rear of the crowd, and some one called out, "That is a reporter getting slugged, Kearney."

Mr. Kearney proceeded as follows: Let that man get out of the way there that is making the fuss. I never denounced a newspaper in my life. [A voice here was heard to exclaim, "Mr. Policeman, here is a man come here to make a disturbance." Cries of "Put him out!" and "The policeman will move him!" were uttered in reply. A policeman in the crowd said, "I will stay here and he shall not raise any sort of fuss at all." A voice, "That is right, officer; take care of him."]

As I just stated, I will continue to denounce the slimy, dirty cutthroat sheets that are run by the capitalistic vampires of Chicago. ("Hear, hear!" and cheers.) The dirty contemptible dogs that denounce me; men who flaunt their liveried flunkies in our face every day; men denouncing a man whose shoe-strings they are not worthy to untie. The "dirty, contemptible, slimy whelps of hell, (Hear, hear!" and cheers.) I stand here in defiance of them. They do not possess magnetism within their miserable carcasses to write down a single hair of my head.

As to the newspapers, we do not intend to quarrel against newspapers—independent newspapers that gives the news; those papers are supported by the workingmen. No paper can live without the support of the workingmen, and no paper shall live in this community—(a voice, "Never") —without it champions the course of the workingmen. ("Hear, hear!" and cheers, and a voice—"bully for you.") Pass that water along (laughter, and cheers, and a voice "Hurry up with the water"). God damn it; you can't get anything. Will you please stop that music, mister? (a voice, "That's the Crispins coming in.")

There is about a thousand hoodlums here to-night. (A voice, "Put that policeman out, there.") Now, I feel horribly oppressed, you will have to keep perfectly still.

Fellow workingmen, my simple mission to Chicago at this time is to encourage those men that are on a strike for bread and butter. (Cheers.) We want the friends of those men to assist them until such time as they force the capitalist vampires on their knees; until they compel the capitalists of the country to respect the workingmen, now the American capitalists.

A dishonest one is the meanest man that I know of, The workingmen of America are going to take charge of America. Will you men do it? (Cries, "Yes, yes!") All in favor of taking charge of the United States hold up their hands. (A voice, "Ben Butler out here.") The way to do it is to pool your issues. Go right to the poll box and deposit your ballot for some honest workingman. (A voice, "We will all take charge of the banks.")

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KEARNEY IN ST. LOUIS.

AN ENERGETIC SPEECH. "POOL YOUR ISSUES."

At eight o'clock this morning Dennis Kearney arrived here from Bloomington, Ill., by the Chicago and Alton Line. His reception was certainly not encouraging. Not a workingman or socialist was at the depot to meet him, and Kearney, with his younger brother and his "secretary," Carl Brown, quietly left the train without anyone heeding or even recognizing the great California agitator. Kearney and his companions walked without attracting the slightest attention to the Mona House, a third class lodging hotel, where he took up his quarters.

No hall was hired, neither were any arrangements made for a meeting, but Kearney gave out to those who called on him that he would speak an open air meeting at Lucas Market about seven o'clock.

A wooden platform was erected, which was illuminated by Chinese lanterns. At half-past eight o'clock the meeting was called to order, with Mr. J. J. Squires, a greenbacker, presiding. He briefly introduced Kearney as "one of the world's agitators on the labor question." Kearney arose from his chair, doffed his coat and vest and began his harangue. About twelve hundred people were present.

He denounced the politician and press in his regular set phrases as bummers, bloodsuckers, hell hounds, vampires and vipers. Just at the conclusion of his speech the platform gave way, and all on it were precipitated pell mell to the ground. A scene of indescribable confusion followed. The lamps were overturned, and they set fire to the planks. The platform was slowly consumed, with the reporters' manuscripts. Kearney managed to clamber to a top support of the rostrum and was loudly cheered. When the confusion subsided a collection was taken up and the hat passed round, but only $5 were contributed.

Kearney starts for Cincinnati at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. During his speech he gesticulated little, walked from one end of the rostrum to the other and spoke in a loud voice, but in rather hoarse tones. When he took his place to address the crowd he was greeted with cheers. He spoke as follows:

Fellow Workingmen and Women of St. Louis:—I am very sorry that the hall is so close. I am afraid I will melt away before finishing

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my speech. Had I any idea that the weather was so hot here I would not have attempted te visit for the present, and that is why I have made no preparations; that is why I didn't advertise this meeting to-day. Knowing that the weather is very hot, and seeing that I am very hoarse myself and cannot, in consequence thereof, make myself heard before a large audience. In days gone by I have addressed audiences of 30,000 men, and my voice could be heard on the outskirts as plainly as it could be heard right on the rostrum. I am growing old and feeble, and you will excuse me.

Fellow men—A great battle is to be fought right here on the American continent. The old democratic thieves and republican robber—(cheers, and cries of "Give it to them!"—have been tried and have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. We have paid particular attention to elections for the past ninety-nine years in this country—we have elected the bank thief, the legal pirate, and classical consumptive, the college consumptive and the political bummer. (Great cheering.) We have given these men ample opportunity to perpetuate this glorious Republic of ours. They have failed. They have proved by their acts that they were incompetent to manage a republican form of government. Now, then, we propose to take charge of our affairs. We propose to run this country ourselves, in our interest and in the interest of no other person. ("That's it.") Have we not given these people plenty of opportunity? Have we not tried and tried in vain? But, alas! they have proved incompetent. Now we are going to try the honest, industrious, intelligent and intellectual workingmen. We are going to see whether these men will do any better than their predecessors or not, for the Republic is on trial. The gophers, the bloodsuckers, the lepers, the vampires, backed up by a low, dirty, contemptible, thieving press—backed up by a band of infernal narrow-minded assassins—a band of bummers, who aim to control public opinion—— (At this point a disturbance arose, but was quickly quelled.) Now, friends, if you want me heard you must keep perfect quietness. Keep perfectly quiet.

My grammar will be criticised to-morrow. I can't help that. We know what the grammatical bummers have done for us. Now we are going to try the ungrammatical men. The dirty, thieving bummers that run newspapers in this country deserve the condemnation of all honest men, the dirty, venal sheets and the scallawags that own them. I am in earnest in what I say. I thank God for a tongue and a good pair of lungs to give expression to my grievances. These thieving vampires have seen fit to distort my sayings. They have seen fit in connection with the old miserable prostitute known as the Associated Press to distort my sayings and denounce me as one of the most villainous men that have lived in a civilized community. I stand before you as the humble representative of honest laboring men. (Cheers.) You can decide for yourselves. (Cheers.) You are going to have an election in this State next November. My advice to you will be to pool your issues. (Great cheering.)

A man that looks at an issue through green spectacles; a man that looks at another issue through a red spectacle, and so on, will please take off his spectacles and will take down the one side and look at the honest uprising of the people through clear spectacles. We want all men to pool their issues. Put them into a pot, cover the pot and tie it tight until you have captured the fort. Show the enemy a bold front. Meet the common enemy with undivided ranks. You have been kept divided in the past, and by the very issues that cause so much dissension among the leaders here in St. Louis; but I know that the body of intelligent workers all

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over the country, every right-thinking man to-day is right. Their heart is in the right place. The leaders who insist upon more or less dissension should be instructed by the people to stop such nonsense. The people are right to do anything that will crush out the foul and rotten thieving parties. You will be opposed in this country by the bank thief, the land pirate, the moneyed power, the political bummer and charter thieves, railroad robbers and bloodsuckers of labor, and all the hell-born hell-bound thieves in jail and out of jail, by men who live in palatial mansions and flaunt their liveried flunkeys in our faces; the organized frauds and bummers of the community; this whole group of sons of the devil bound in allegiance to him. The predestrial place of his jurisdiction and the predestrial colonists of his realm. They organize to divide this honest uprising of the people, to divide God's noblest image the workingman; to divide the backbone of the American public; to divide men who are ready now and always to protect the Republic. When I meet with one of these bummers and shake hands with him his touch is cold and clammy.

He then said he had no flowery phrase with which to garnish his speech nor tame language to psychologame his hearers, neither did he spend a week preparing his speech. He bitterly attacked the officeholders, saying they ran their hands elbow deep into your pockets as soon as elected. Their first business was to steal. They steal from a tenpenny nail to 100,000 acres of land. They have engaged Henry Water and Bread Beecher to knock the bottom out of hell. Beecher receives about $50,000 a year to preach from a velvet pulpit to a band of prosperous, lazy gamblers. If Henry Water and Bread Beecher tried to live on the diet that he advocated for the workingmen there would be no Tilton scandel. The workingmen had only to be united and they were soon to succeed. "Pool your issues" was his continuous topic. Do this and next November you can carry the State. You don't want the skim milk in your lifetime and the cream by and by. Blackstone, and he is a pretty good authority, told us 300 years ago in England that if two men were on a plank at sea and they were both in danger of being drowned the stronger man had a perfect right to shove the weaker man and use the plank to save himself. Then what are we going to do provided a piece of paper stands in the way of starving millions? If the constitution of the United States was written on a beefsteak a hungry man would eat it.

I say now that the workingmen must win this fight if they have to fight knee deep in blood.

Referring to California, he alluded to the success of the labor party, and then commenced a vituperation of the almond-eyed, long-tailed, leperous parents of the Pacific coast, the Chinaman. He said if he cleared the Pacific of this scourge and succeeded in his socialistic efforts he would like as his epitaph—

Hear lies Kearney, the drayman,
who led the victorious charge against the
hordes of tyranny.

He did, if the authorities did not attend to this question, that the workingmen of California will block up the Golden Gate with their festering carcasses and then fill up the crevices with the carcasses of the monopolists that brought them there. California would protect herself. The Chinese

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question would be the rock upon which the Republic would split, and the workingmen of the other States were called upon to enlist. They should do so and get their guns and amunition, but they should shoot men who would order to fire against their brother workingman.

Kearney's speech was cut short by the falling of the platform. Many cries of "How about Butler?" were heard in the crowd, but Kearney never once alluded to the chivalrous Ben.

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KEARNEY AND HAYES TALK.

DISCUSSING THE CHINESE QUESTION AND THE DEPRESSION OF LABOR.

THE PRESIDENT TELLING THE SAND LOTS ORATOR THAT HE IS DOING A GOOD WORK—TRYING TO CONVERT HAYES TO A SOFT-MONEY POLICY—A DRIVE AT THE LAND GRABBERS.

With no Congressmen, and all the Cabinet Ministers but one out of town, the White House is pretty dull just now, but it was somewhat stirred on the morning of August 28 by a visit from Dennis Kearney and his private secretary, Carl Brown. The two men walked into the White House about 11 o'clock, dressed rather shabbily, wearing slouched hats and checked shirts. They wrote their names on blank cards obtained from the doorkeeper, and were promptly received by Hayes. Their interview lasted a little over a quarter of an hour, and the conversation was opened by Kearney, who said that he felt it both a duty and a privilege, as he was passing through Washington, to call at the White House and pay his respects. Hayes bowed in a rather forced way, and said nothing. Kearney looked at Hayes and Hayes looked at Kearney. Each appeared to be in some fear that the other would compromise him.

The following account of Kearney's visit to Washington and his interview with Hayes is furnished by his travelling companion: Kearney left Columbus yesterday afternoon direct for Washington. Having ascertained that Hayes would leave Washington before he (Kearney) could get there by way of Pittsburgh, and as he desired to see Hayes in reference to the petition sent out by workingmen's delegates to the Constitutional Convention, he postponed the meeting at Pittsburgh and came on here by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and registered in a bold, round hand at the Emmett House, within one block of the Capitol building.

He repaired to the Capitol through a drizzling rainstorm.

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Upon entering the main entrance he was met by an attendant. Kearney asked, "Could I see the President?" The attendant directed him up one flight of stairs, which he ascended, saying sotto voce: "I don't propose to go through much red tape." There he encountered another attendant sitting at the desk, and to him he put the same question.

Attendant—He's very busy; want to see him on business?

Kearney—Yes, sir, of course, or I wouldn't be here.

The attendant handed Kearney a card and pencil, and on which the latter wrote, "Denis Kearney, of California." and took his seat among many ladies and gentlemen already waiting to pay their respects. In the interval it became noised about that Kearney, the agitator, was in the waiting room to see Hayes. The clerks and flunkies soon had occasion to pass through, casting sidelong glances. Soon the attendant motioned to Kearney, and he and his Secretary were ushered into Hayes's private room, containing Hayes and his stenographic reporter and Mr. Crum, a friend. Hayes arose from the end of the long table where the Cabinet is wont to meet walking with long strides toward Kearney. He extended a hand. Kearney met it with, "I'm Dennis Kearney, are you President Hayes?"

Hayes—Yes, sir; glad to meet you.

Said Kearney: "Thank you, sir. This is Carl Browne, also of California. I would not have recognized you from the pictures I have seen of you in California."

Hayes (blushing)—Oh, indeed. I understood the pictures of me were pretty good. (Leaning back in his chair.) You have been out West, Mr. Kearney, since your first visit to the East.

Kearney—Yes, sir; I have been to Chicago, St. Louis, and arrived here from Columbus this morning.

"You must feel tired," said Hayes. "I read of your speaking in Cincinnati, let me see, last Friday night."

Kearney—Yes, I was there, then, and at Newport Saturday.

Hayes—You were born in Massachusetts, were you not, Mr. Kearney?

Kearney—No, sir, I was born in Ireland.

Hayes—Indeed; I was misinformed.

Kearney (leaning over on the table, with side of face in right hand)—I called to see you in reference to a document sent you from California on the Chinese question. Did you receive it?

Hayes (laughing)—I am receiving so many documents on that subject lately that I cannot call to mind.

Kearney—This was a petition sent out by delegations-elect of the Workingmen's party.

Hayes—I think I must have looked over it. I have a box (pointing to a large box in another part of the room) filled with documents and subjects which I call the Chinese question. But as my mind is pretty well made up on the subject, I pay little attention to any documents now received.

Kearney—I hope it ain't made up the wrong way, as you no doubt received a good deal, pro and con, and also had a great many friends of the Chinese call on you, with the beauties of Chinese labor, as those who the making money out of them are very much in love with them.

Hayes—Yes, a number of parties favorable to them have called. But are preponderance of testimony is against the Chinese.

Kearney then went into a long description of the evils of Chinese cheap labor and the power of the six Chinese companies.

Hayes (interrupting]—Are there any others connected with the introduction of Chinese?

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Kearney—Yes, capitalists. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company and railroad corporations, who make big money out of them, in conjunction with the six Chinese companies.

Hayes expressed surprise at this. Kearney then explained that these men, and the heads of companies, were conspirators against our Government, and were engaged in the slavery traffic. He described the horrors of China town as only he can, and said besides. "They have their secret tribunal, by which they try, condemn, and execute each other, regardless of the law of the land."

Hayes—A government within a government. But is there no attempt to prevent this?

Kearney—The authorities wink at the crime. The six companies are very rich, and buy them up. They buy up legislators and everything else, until now the people are agoing to attend to it themselves.

Hayes—Oh, yes, I am aware of a great deal of suffering of your people on this account. Hayes then referred to the Pacific coast delegation and their exertions in the last Congress, which Kearney treated lightly, having little faith in their honesty.

Kearney—By the way, Mr. President, have you read Butler's answers to my questions on the subject?

Hayes (smiling)—Oh, yes, I read them at the time.

Kearney—Well, what did you think of their correct reasoning?

Hayes—I think they embody about the same principles as laid down by the Congressional Committee on the subject, which provides that it can be successfully settled by treaty modifications.

Kearney—Oh, no. Butler says a State has power by constitutional enactment to protect itself against a curse.

Hayes—Yes, but the Chinese now extend all over the country, and it seems to me too great a question for one State to grapple with. However, I think Congress next winter will come to definite action favorable to your people on the vexed question.

Kearney—They will have to (scratching his head).

Hayes (changing the subject and addressing Brown)—You are a native of California?

Brown—No, sir; Illinois.

Kearney—Well, Mr. Hayes, how do you account for the depression in business?

Hayes then with a great many graceful gestures, and with much earnestness, discussed the subject, speaking about the war, the extravagance of flush times, and the reaction. "I think," he continued, "it is at its lowest ebb. I think the tide will soon turn, even without a war. Every fifteen or twenty years, as regular as the ebb of the tide, there is a depression in business that is hard to account for."

Kearney—Do you not think the extravagance of our statesmen and the neglect of working in the interest of the people has helped a great deal to bring about this result? Instead of paying attention to their constituents they work to fill their own pockets.

Hayes nodded, and answered, "Yes, Mr. Kearney, and without agreeing with you in a great many propositions you advance, I wish to say this: That your going about the country and speaking in the manner you do you are doing good work, noble service. You are concentrating the minds of the people on these evils, and the people are bound to rectify the great wrongs perpetrated by the system growing out of the war."

Kearney—Could not the statesmen of our country have provided ahead against this state of affairs?

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Hayes—I am not wise enough to answer that question. I don't hardly know, with my experience of the past, how to look back to where it could have benefitted it much, if any. Do you think so?

Kearney—Of course they could if they had sense to look beyond their noses. But they were looking too much to the money power. It is an alarming fact that the wealth of the country is becoming concentrated in the hands of the few.

Hayes—Yes, that is true. But neither you nor I could devise a way to immediately check such accummulations of wealth, although the spirit and policy of this Government should be and is in that direction.

Kearney—Do you think that such men as Vanderbilt are an enemy to this republic? He wields too great a power for one man.

Hayes—Yes, he has a great power, 'tis true, but still he is subject to the people. He has to conform in a measure to the will of the people, or else they would patronize some competitive lines.

Kearney—But, to use a common phrase, they pool their issues to defraud the people.

Hayes—Yes; they combine in some instances, there is no doubt, but the subject of transportation in this country is a serious one. Still, it is hard to say if people could be accommodated cheaper by any other system than that in practice.

Kearney—But the land that these corporations have grabbed! Why, in California there are men holding thousands of acres obtained fraudulently.

Hayes—I have heard of it, and I believe that there should be some lawful way provided to cut up large tracts of land into homesteads.

Kearney—Yes, the land question is the future great question of this country.

Hayes—You haven't broken into the South much.

Kearney—No further than Kentucky.

Hayes—It isn't safe until after the frosts to go there. I suppose you will later in the season?

Kearney—No, not until the campaign of 1880. Then, frosts or no frost, I'm going into it. I return to Massachusetts soon to stump that State for the workingmen. I see finance is entering largely into the parties East.

Hayes (quickly)—Well, I am committed to hard money policy, and wouldn't change it.

Kearney—Well, I am surprised that you, a soldier, do not believe in soft money. Don't you think the money that is good enough to pay the soldier wounded fighting for his country is good enough to pay the men who furnished the bullets that shot him. I suppose you know a gold basis means a king?

Hayes—I believe in silver and gold.

Kearney (laughing)—No trade dollars worth ninety cents.

Hayes—No; an honest silver dollar. No up or down to it.

Kearney—But the greenback cuts off the bondholder at one fell swoop.

Hayes—Oh, I know it's a nice way to pay off old debts, but it's not my policy.

At this point, several ladies and gentlemen being ushered in, Kearney arose to go, and said, "Well, good-by, Mr. President. I hope you will give this Chinese question your serious consideration. Good-by."

Hayes—I shall certainly do so, Mr. Kearney. Good-by. Am glad you called.

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